Carnegie Couldn't Catch Augusta.

Without stopping to figure out why, I have always been fond of Augusta, Ga. I have never been there, but whenever the name has been mentioned in my hearing, I have, at once, been seized with a desire to pay it a visit.

There is no accounting for this sort of emotions which stir the human heart. All that we are permitted to know is that they are there.

They are so many little shrines, that all of us have set up in our journey along the rough and toilsome road called life, at which we worship freely, without burdening ourselves with doubts about the wisdom of, or the reason for, our devotion.

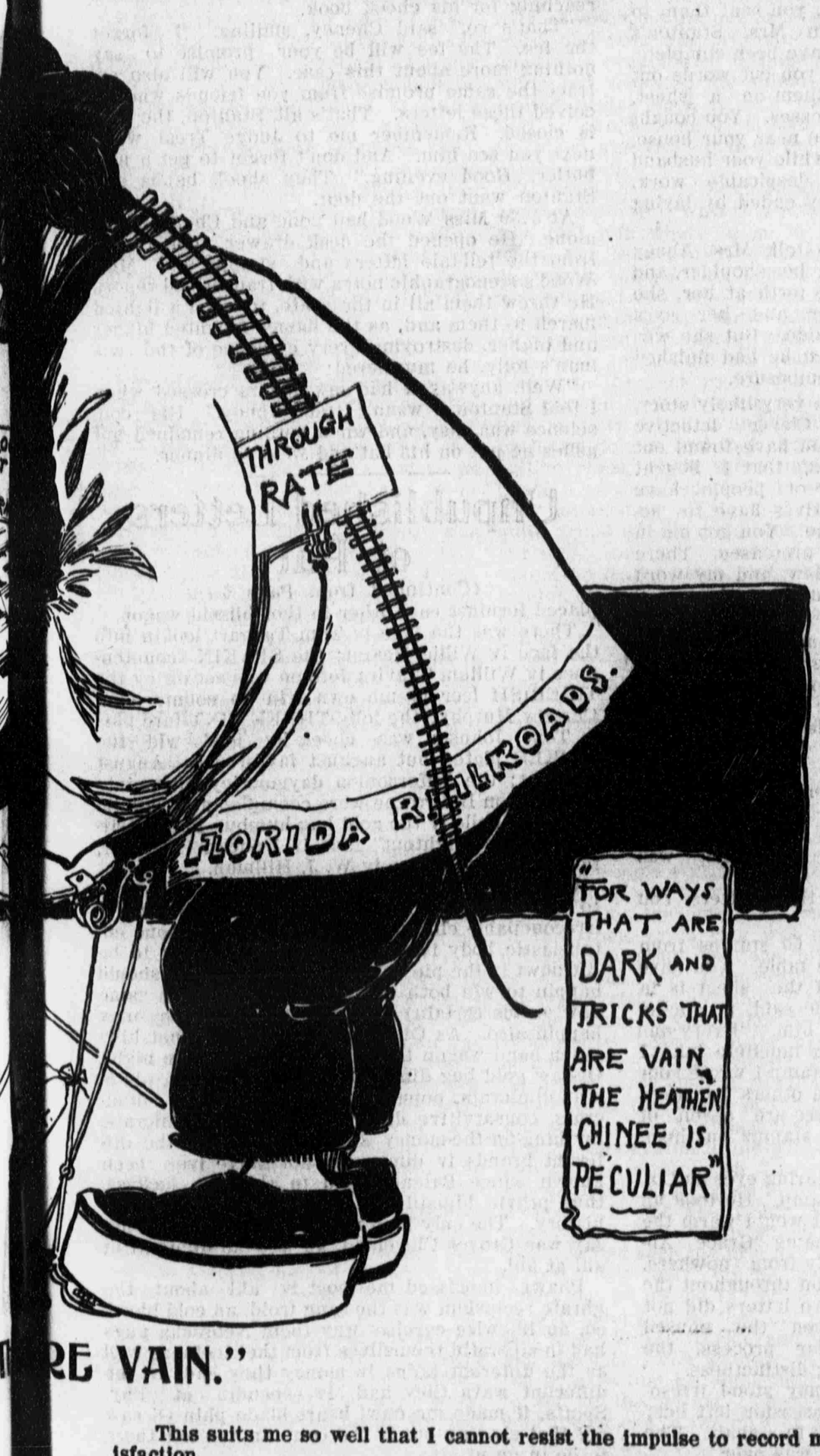
Of the great and wise men dead and gone, each one of us has selected one particular one for preference. Of the rivers in the world some particular one appeals to some particular person, more than all the others. So it is with books and flowers and all the other things that are known of men.

In the case of Augusta and me, I suppose the Georgia city has appealed to me because it is situated in the heart of the South, and reflects the Southern spirit, and its people live the Southern life, which, to me, is the best there is of life.

These are the general reasons I have had for my fondness for Augusta.

I now have a SPECIAL REASON for my partiality.

The courageous little Southern city HAS REFUSED A CARNEGIE LIBRARY.



RE VAIN."

This suits me so well that I cannot resist the impulse to record my satisfaction.

Of all the outbreaks of intensified vanity this Carnegie library scheme is the worst that has ever come to my notice.

Of all the places where a rebuke for this sort of folly was needed, this is it.

Here are the specifications, look them over and pick out, if you can, a single flaw in this bid of the Canny Scot for first honor in the vanity class.

Andrew Carnegie, a native of Scotland, came over to America, and went into the iron business. Possessed of the thrift for which his countrymen are proverbial, he accumulated MUCH MONEY.

In addition to thrift, Andrew had enterprise, energy and the ability to see far ahead clearly. These attributes enabled him to accumulate MUCH MORE MONEY.

As a round up to his character Carnegie developed adaptibility to a marked degree, which prompted him to become an ardent Republican of the heavy contributing class. This secured for him SPECIAL PRIVILEGES from the dominant party by means of the tariff robbery, which caused him to make STILL MORE MONEY.

Finding himself "money bound" by reason of his making it so fast that he could not find use for it, and finding himself also approaching the home stretch on his earthly pilgrimage, he decided to write his name all over the landscape of the country he had plundered, with the hope of making the people forget his plundering in contemplation of his prodigality.

So, he formulated the great Carnegie Free Library Scheme.

The library scheme differs from all others of like kind in important particulars, and these are what stamp it with the Hall Mark of vanity, as it also brings out the ruling principle of Carnegie the Canny.

He called it the Carnegie Free Library plan, which accurately describes it, except in two essentials—

First—It is not a library plan.

Second—It is not free.

This leaves us the third and remaining part of the plan, which is—

CARNEGIE.

For, be it known that Carnegie gives BUILDINGS, not BOOKS, nor money to buy them.

He had been levying tribute on the people so long, that he could not get out of the habit when he was reaching out for fame that never dies.

His plan of giving had a string attached to it, which forced the people to perpetuate his name AT THE PEOPLE'S EXPENSE.

Says Carnegie to the cities: "I will give you a fine place to keep your books in, POSITIVELY FREE, if you will do two simple and very easy things—put Carnegie's name to it, and levy a perpetual tax on yourselves to provide the books and keep the library up."

Great scheme this. First, separate the people from their money, and then make them give up more to remember you by.

Many cities did this, and every time the citizens visit the tax collector's office they REMEMBER CARNEGIE.

But, Augusta DIDN'T.

That's why I like Augusta.

Bank Failures---How to Stop Them.

Another bank failure came out in the news of the week just passed, this time in Philadelphia.

There were slightly different details in connection with the recent failure in the Quaker City, from those related about the "bust" in Chicago.

Stensland, the Windy City thief, did his stealing one way, and Hipple, the Quaker City robber, did his another.

It is like the story told of the negro preacher, who could not read the Bible he was attempting to expound, so was obliged to rely on his memory in quoting the text.

"Brudderin an Sisterin," he said, as he fondled the leaves of the good book, "somewhars about here in dis blissed book it says dat a whale swallered Jonah; or maybe it says dat Jonah swallered de whale, I aint ersacktly shuh, which er way twuz; but I is shuh er one thing, an dat is—DEY WAS SWALLERIN DONE."

As to bank failures, big and little, that continually happen, whatever may be the methods employed or the excuses framed up for the act

I AM SURE THAT THERE WAS STEALING DONE.

There CAN BE no failure of a bank without some form of dishonesty among its managing officers.

People who lose their money in busted banks care not whether the officer responsible for the wreck, was over zealous in accommodating his friends with money of other people intrusted to his keeping, or was too sanguine about his ability to win out on speculation; or was merely a vulgar thief who took the actual greenbacks for his personal gratification.

The depositors are out the money, which they were induced to believe was placed in safe keeping.

And they are entitled to protection from the government which they tax themselves to support.

I do not think that the fault lies at the door of the legislatures, state and national. There is plenty of law providing for inspection, and officers in abundance to do the inspecting.

I believe the fault will be found to lie in the quality of the work the inspectors do.

Bank examinations in many instances are profunctory, when they should be active and searching.

They are superficial, wnen they should be thorough.

They are casual and cursory, when they should be painstaking and in detail.

In a former treatment of this subject of bank wrecking, I suggested as a remedy—JAIL FOR THE WRECKERS.

I am still of the opinion that this remedy is good and should, IN ALL CASES, BE APPLIED.

That it is not THE remedy I am convinced.

Prison reports from many states show that bank officials form the largest class of the inmates of the penitentiaries.

Yet the stealing of depositor's money by bankers goes on with ever increasing size and frequency.

I suggest another remedy that I believe WILL BE EFFECTIVE.

Let it be ordered and carried out, that every time a bank fails, the State or National Examiner who visited it last, SHALL BE REMOVED WITHOUT NOTICE.

Most men holding public office fear to do wrong, and try to do their full duty.

But all men holding public offices have an intensely acute desire to hold them.

If this fear was kept dangling before their eyes, those organs would be turned into microscopic X-rays for the discovery of things hidden.

And the expert juggler of figures behind the bank railing would never be able to devise a system that would beat the man scared of his job.

Mr. Jeff Davis of Perry, Fla., has written me a courteously worded letter, in which he denies that he was in Inverness at the time of the lynching of the negro Jim Davis.

I said in an editorial in the issue of Aug. 18, that Jeff Davis, erstwhile editor of the Citrus County Chronicle, was one of the masked men who got the keys of the jail out of the safe in the drug store.

I apologize to Mr. Jeff Davis now living in Perry, who was formerly editor of the Citrus County Chronicle, for the imputation cast upon him. His denial is full and complete evidence that he took no part in the lynching.

I got my information from the coroner's report on file in the Governor's office. This report shows from testimony of W. H. Miller that a masked man whom he named Jeff Davis did get the jail keys from the safe.

I am glad that my friend Jeff Davis was not the man and I hope he will excuse me for seeming to make it appear so.